

The history

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed
friend your brother *Troilus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus* hony sweet Lord,

Pan. Go too sweet Queene, go to?

Comends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody,
If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene
I faith

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not
in truth la? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my
Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at super.
You will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene, y very very sweet
Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out
with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cresseida*.

Pan. No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your
disposer is sicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuse?

Pan. I good my Lord, why should you say *Cresseida*, no,
your disposers sick.

Par. I spie?

Pan. You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an in-
strument, now sweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue
sweete Queene.

Hel. Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord
Paris.

Pand. Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are
tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Pand. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a
song now.

Hell. I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou hast a
fine fore-head.

Pand. I you may, you may.

Hell. Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh
Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pand. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

Pand. Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more:

For o loues bow, Shoots Bucke and Doe.

The shafts confound not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore:

These louers cry, oh ho they dye,

Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,

Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he,

So dying loue lyes still,

O ho a while, but ha ha ha,

O ho grones out for ha ha ha---hey ho,

Hell. In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doves loue, and that breeds hot
blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts
beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pand. Is this the generation of loue: hot blood hot
thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a ge-
neration of vipers:

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

Par. *Hector*, *Deiphobus*, *Helenus*, *Antenor*, and all the gal-
lantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell*
would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hell. He hangs the lippe at something, you know al Lord
Pandarus.

Pand. Not I hony sweete Queene, I long to heare how
they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pand. Fare well sweete Queene.

F

Hell. Com-